

EPILLOGVE.

Wouldst thou know what I like the Play  
And as it is with Schools & you cannot  
I am crutchfull for all: pray yet stay a while  
And let me look upon ye: No man smile?  
Then it goes hard I see: The what has  
For a space had some words then from his face:  
The strange if none be here, and if he will  
Against his Conscience let him passe, and kill  
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I tis to stay yet  
Heres in the worst case come then: No what say you?  
And yet must he not: I am not bold  
We have no such case. If I had we have told  
For tis no other) any way I can  
(For to that honest purpose it is meant ye)  
We have our end; and ye shall have as long  
I dare say many a better, to go on  
For old to our time: and all our might  
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Flouiss.

FINIS.

